

9  
OPPUTTINOMTOMPI:

OR,

*N*  
The Parson Married.

A

T A L E.

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*Dea juncta Deo,  
Sed Ea major Eo.*

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D U B L I N :

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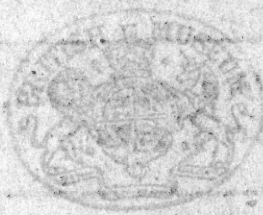
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## Opputtinomtompì, &c.



HO' human Pleasures finite  
are,  
And lasting Happiness is  
rare :

Tho' quiet ease and all that

please us

Allure our Hearts and then deceive us,  
Let Fortune be for this forgiven,  
For Man will soon with her be even ;  
He proves as fickle every whit,  
His Actions rul'd by Start and Fit :  
Pleas'd with Variety he roves,  
Now fond of Cities, now of Groves ;  
From Ease to Misery he rangeth,  
No matter what, so that he changeth.



This will appear by an Example  
As we shall shew in manner ample.

T H E R E liv'd a Parson---where?----no  
matter ;

No Whipping-Post was ever fatter,  
His Face declar'd his Thirst for Science,  
With Wisdom he was in Alliance ;  
Well skill'd in Metaphisick, Rhethorick,  
In Logick, Pneumatick and Ethick :  
Cou'd answer every Phenomon  
As well as *Hebrew, Greek, or Roman* ;  
He knew the Ptolemaick System ;  
In short, no Secret ever mist 'um.  
Then for Theology----a Tearer,  
You'd swear with *Paul* he was a sharer,  
His Text cou'd handle and divide  
As well as *F-----n* or *M---c---de* ;  
Out of his Cushion he cou'd thump  
Both Dust and Nonsense by the Lump.

Cou'd

Cou'd preach as Orthodox as any,  
 Was courted and carress'd by many.  
 For Friends and Comrades, he'd great store,  
 No fawning Courtier ere had more.  
 His Happiness was thus compleat,  
 If he his Happiness cou'd rate;  
 Had he been with his State contented,  
 His Fate we ne'er wou'd have lamented;  
 But wanting something more than Riches,  
 A *Wife* or larger pair of *Br - - - es*;  
 His longing soon became a Passion,  
 Tho' mild at first, at length a rash one.  
 (For *Cupid* fly and cunning Archer  
 Can pierce a Heart, then Quaker *Starcher*)  
 Mefs *7 - - - n* o're Head and Ears was dipt,  
 His Blossom wanted to be nipt,  
 The Object fair had fir'd his Soul,  
 His Fury nothing cou'd controul,  
 He tears, he rants, he roves, he rages,  
 None but fair *B - - -* his Love asswages;

The

The Night he spends in Dreams and Slum-  
bers,

With Pain the Days and Hours he numbers,

Love had the inward Man possess,

Love rag'd within his tortur'd Breast,

Stopt all his Godly Meditations,

His Actions marr'd with Hesitations ;

Deprives him of the use of Reason,

That all he does is out of Season ;

He throws by *Pearson, Burket, Hammond,*

Neglects his God to worship Mammon ;

Poor *Locke* and *Puffendorff* forgot,

*South, Tillotson* get leave to rot :

All such dry Forrage was discarded,

The *C---b* nor *W-----d* no more regarded.

At length (to make our story shorter)

He fix'd his P<sup>o</sup>le in her M<sup>o</sup>rt<sup>o</sup>-r,

Folly and Madness gain'd the fair one,

Whose tender years had scarce got H<sup>o</sup>r on ;

In



In solemn Form the Pair was wedded;  
 They supp'd, they drank, and so were bedded  
 The gilded Pill goes sweetly down,  
 And Blessings balmy Kisses crown :  
 Bless'd was the Man, bless'd was the Wo-  
                   man,

Like *Baucis* she, he like *Philemon*  
 Each pleased with the Marriage state,  
 She with her Spouse, he with his Mate :  
 But human Joys do seldom last  
 We dearly pay for Pleasure past :  
 For scarce the *Honey-Moon* expir'd  
 When she the Government desir'd ;  
 He must no longer rule the Roast,  
 Nor of his Wife's Subjection boast.  
 " Content," says she, " for by the Mass  
 " I'll have the *B-----es* of your *A-----rs* ;"  
 Miss *J-----n* submits, obeys, knocks under,  
 He thought it safest to surrender ;

The

The Case was alter'd, Parish Rector  
 With Patience hears the Curtain Lecture;  
 To pretty B---'s Clack and Nonfence;  
 Gives up th' Advowson of his Conscience,  
 Forfakes his Friends, will speak to no Man,  
 Sells all the World for one poor Woman,  
 As close as Bee shut in Bee-Hive,  
 Mefs Y--- is buried alive;  
 He deems it next to *Roman* Bravery,  
 With Patience great to bear his Slav'ry,  
 I'd tell what Miseries attend it,  
 But Grief and Sorrow make me end it.

F I N I S.

